Before the Expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my Soueraigne.
Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht *Herford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*:
And noble Vnckle, I beseech your grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, or me thinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then Father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my Armes perforce, and giuen away
To Vpstart Vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cosin King, be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my noble Cosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rouze his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters patents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And I challenge Law; Attornies are denide me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble Duke hath been too much abusde.
Ross. It stands your Grace vpon, to do him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this;
I haue had feeling of my Cosins wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right,
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

But for his owne; and for the Ri
We all haue strongly sworne to g
And let him ne're see ioy that bre
Yorke. Well, well, I see the issu
I cannot mend it, I must needs c
Because my power is weake, and a
But if I could, by him that gaue
I would attach you all, and make
Vnto the Soueraigne mercy of t
But since I cannot, be it knowne
I do remaine as newter; so fare y
Vnlesse you please to enter in the
And there repose you for this ni
Bul. An offer Vnckle that we
But we must winne your Grace to
To *Bristow* Castle, which they sa
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their comp
The Caterpillers of the Commo
Which I haue sworne to weede a
Yorke. It may be I will go witt
For I am loth to breake our Co
Nor friends, nor foes, to me wel
Things past redresse, are now wi

Enter Earle of of Salisburie, a
Welch. My Lord of *Salisburie*,
And hardly kept our Countrym
And yet we heare no tidings fro
Therefore we will disperse our fe
Salis. Stay yet another day, th
The King reposeth all his confi
Welch. Tis thought the King
The Bay-trees in our Countrey
And Meteors fright the fixed sta
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bl
And leane-look't Prophets whisp
Rich men looke sadde, and Ruf
The one in feare to loose what t

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (J